

107. 2. 15

CHRIST's-KIRK ON THE GREEN, IN THREE CANTOS.

Κονσίδερ ίτ οικοί ριδ αφτυρ θαν ενισσ
κιλ ατ εν βλινκ σδι ποετρι νοτ τεν ισ.

Γ. Δευλασε

K James King of Scotland



EDINBURGH,

Printed for the AUTHOR, at the *Mercury*, op-
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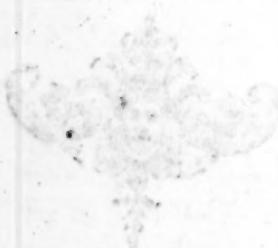
CHRISTIAN

SONG

WEDDING

IN THREE

SONGS



ADVERTISEMENT.

HIS Edition of the first CANTO, is copied from an old Manuscript Collection of Scots Poems wrot an hundred and fifty Years ago; where it is found to be done by KING JAMES I. Besides its being more correct, the VIIIth STANZA was not in print before; the last but one, of the late Edition, being none of the King's, gives place to this.

My second Part having stood its Ground, has engaged me to keep a little more Company with these comical Characters, having Gentlemen's Health and Pleasure, and the good Manners of the Vulgar in View: The main Design of Comedy being to represent *the Follies and Mistakes of low Life in a just Light*, making them appear as Ridiculous as they really are; that each who is a Spectator, may evite his being the Object of Laughter.

NOTWITHSTANDING all this my publick spirited Pains, I am well assured there are a few heavy Heads, who will bring down the Thick of their Cheeks to the Sides of their Mouths, and richly Stupid, alledge there's somethings in it have a Meaning. Well I own it; and think it handsomer in a few Lines to say Something, than talk a great Deal and mean Nothing: Pray, is their any Thing vicious

cious or unbecoming, in saying, *Mens Limbs and Limbs are supple when intoxicated?* Does it not shew, that worse than brutal excessive Drinking, enervates and unhindges a Man's Constitution, and makes him uncapable of performing Divine, Moral, or natural Duties. There is the Moral; and believeme, I could raise many useful Notes from every Character, which the Ingenious will presently find out.

*Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to Faults, true Criticks dare not mend,
From vulgar Bounds, with brave Disorder part;
And snatch a Grace beyond the reach of Art.*

POPE.

FURTHER, when I speak of taking the *Test*, I seriously protest I do not mean an Oath of that Name, we all have heard of —— Likewise, I would intreat every News-Monger, not to offer to pump Politicks from this Poem: Wou'd any imagine, that the first Part which was wrote some hundred Years ago, was the Story of *Sherief-Moor*, because *Rob Roy* was named in't; that my *Bawld Bess* was *****; and the *Letergae* the *****. I like them who sometimes find out Wit the Author never mean'd; but such *Ignoramus's* are intolerable.

ANY Body that has a mind to look sour upon it, may use their freedom.

*Not laugh, Beasts, Fishes, Fowls, nor Reptiles can,
That's a peculiar Happiness of Man:
When govern'd with a prudent cheerful Grace,
Tis one of the first Beauties of the Face.*



CHRIST's-KIRK ON THE G R E E N.

C A N T O I.

By KING JAMES I.

I.

WAS nere in Scotland heard or seen,
Sic dancing and deray ;
Nowther at Falkland on the Green,
Nor Peebles at the Play,
As was of Wooers, as I ween,
At CHRIST's-KIRK, on a Day :
There came our Kitties washen clean,
In new Kirtles of Gray,
Fou gay that Day.

II. To

I I.

To Dance these Damesels them dight,
 Thir Lasses light of Laits,
 Their Gloves were of the Raffel right,
 Their Shoon were of the Straits,
 Their Kirtles were of Lincome light,
 Well prest with mony Plaits,
 They were so Nice when Men them nicht,
 They squeel'd like ony Gaits,

For loud that Day,

I II.

Of all these Maidens mild as mead,
 Was nane sae jmp as Gillie ;
 As ony rose her Rude was Red,
 Her Lire was like the Lilly :
 Fow Yellow, Yellow was her Head,
 But she of Love was silly ;
 Tho' a her Kin had sworn her dead,
 She wald have but sweet Willy,

Alane that Day,

I V.

She scorned Jack, and scraped at him,
 And murgon'd him with Mocks ;
 He wald have loov'd, she wald na let him,
 For a his yellow Locks.
 He cherisht her, she bade gae chat him,
 Counted him not twa Clocks ;
 Sae shamefully his short Gown set him,
 His Legs were like twa Rocks,

Or Rungs that Day.

V. Tam

0 I. Canto I. on the GREEN.

V.

Tam Lutter was their Minstrel meet,
Good Lord how he cou'd Lance,
He play'd sae shill, and sang sae sweet,
Whele *Tousie* took a Trance;
Auld *Lightfoot* there he did forleer,
And counterfitted *France* ;
He us'd himself as Man discreet,
And up the morice Dance,

He took that Day.

V I.

Then *Steen* came stepand in with Stends,
Nae Rink might him Arrest,
Plaitfoot did Bob with mony Bends,
For *Mause* he made request,
He lap till he lay on his Lends,
But risand was sae prest,
While that he whoshtit at baith Ends,
For honour of the Feast,

And Danc'd that Day.

V II.

Syne *Robin Roy* began to revel,
And *Dawny* to him drudgged :
Let be, quoth *Jack*, and cau'd him Jovel,
And by the Tail him tugged :
The *Kensie* cleekit to a Cavel,
But Lord as they twa lugged ;
They parted manly on a Nevel :
Men say that Hair was rugged,

Between them twa.

VIII. Ane

CHRIST'S KIRK Canto I.

VIII.

Ane bent a Bow, sic Sturt did steer him,
Great skaith was't to have scar'd him,
He chefit a Flane as did affear him,
Th' other said, *Dirdum Dardum*,
Throw baith the Cheeks he thought to sheer him,
Or throw the Arse have char'd him,
B'ane Akerbraid it came nae neer him,
I canna tell what marr'd him,
Sae wide that Day.

IX.

With that a Friend of his cry'd fy,
And up an Arrow drew,
He forged it sae fouriously,
The Bow in flinders flew.
Sae was the Will of God, trow I,
For had the Tree been true,
Men said, wha kend his Archery,
That he had slain anew,
Belyve that Day.

X.

A yap young Man that stood him neist,
Loos'd aff a Shot with Ire,
He etled the Bairn in at the Breast,
The Bolt flew o're the Bire :
Ane cry'd fy, he has slain a Priest,
A Mile beyond a Mire ;
Than Bow and Bag frae him he kiest,
And fled as fierce as Fire,
Frae Flint that Day.

XI. Ane

more 6 leaves

Canto L. on the G R E E N. 9

X I.

Ane hasty Hensure, called *Harry*,

Wha was an Archer, hynd.

Fit up a Tackle withouten tarry,

That Torment sae him tynd.

I watna whither's Hand coud vary,

Or the Man was his Friend,

For he escap'd throw' Mights of *Mary*,

As ane that nae ill meand,

But Good that Day.

X I I.

Then *Laurie* like a Lyon lap,

And soon a Flane can fedder,

He hecht to pierce him at the Pape,

Theron to wed a Wedder:

He hit him on the Wame a Wap,

It buff't like ony Bladder;

But sae his Fortune was and Hap,

His Doublet made of Leather,

Sav'd him that Day.

X I I I.

The Buff sae boisterously abaist him,

He to the Earth dusht down,

The tither Man for dead their left him,

And fled out of the Town.

The Wives came furth, and up they reft him,

And fand Life in the Lown;

Then with three Routs on's Arse they raisd him,

And curd him out of Sown,

Irae Hand that Day.

X I V. With

To CHRI^ST'S KIRK Canto I.

XIV.

With Forks and Flails they tent great Slaps,
And flang together like Frigs,
With Bougers of Barns they beft blew Caps,
While they of Bairns made Brigs.
The Rierd raise radly with the Raps,
When Rangs were laid on Riggs,
The Wives came furth wi Crys and Claps,
Se where my liking Liggs.

Fou low this Day.

XV.

They girned and let Gird with Grains,
Ilk Gossip other griev'd :
Some strake with Stings, some gather'd Stains,
Some fled and ill mischiev'd.
The Minstrel wan within twa Wains,
That Day he wisely priev'd;
For he came hame wi unbruis'd Bains,
Where Fieghters were mischiev'd,

Fou ill that Day.

XVI.

Heich Hutchon with a Hisill rice,
To red can throw them rummil ;
He maw'd them down, like ony Mice,
He was na Baity bummil :
Tho' he was wight, he was na wise,
With sic Jangleurs to jummil ;
For frae his Thumb they dang a Slice,
While he cried Barlafumil,

I'm slain this Day.

XVII. When

I. Canto I. on the GREEN.

XVII.

When that he saw his Blood sae red,

To flee might nae Man let him ;
He ween'd it had been for auld feed,

He thought and bade have at him :
He gart his Feet defend his Head,

The far fairer it set him,

While he was past out of all plead,

He soud been swift, that gat him,

Throw Speed that Day,

XVIII.

The Town Souter in Grief was bowden,

His Wife hang at his Waifst ;

His Body was with Blood a browden,

He grain'd like ony Ghaisf :

Her glittering Hair that was fo gowden,

So hard in Love him laist,

That for her Sake he was not yowden,

While he a Mile was /chac'd,

And mair that Day,

XIX.

The Miller was of manly Make,

To meet him was nae Mows ;

There durst na tensome there him take,

Sae noyted he their Pows :

The Bushment hale about him brake,

And bickered him wi Bows ;

Syne traitrously behind his Back,

They hewt him on the Howes.

Behind that Day,

XX. Twa

X X .

Twa that were Headsmen of the Herd,
 On ither ran like Rams,
 They follow'd, seeming right unfear'd,
 Beat on with Barrow-Trams :
 But where their Gabs they were ungear'd,
 They gat upon the Gams ;
 While bloody barkn'd was their Beards,
 As they had worried Lambs,

Mair like that Day.

X X I .

The Wives kiest up a hideous Yell,
 When all these Yonkiers yoked ;
 As fierce as Flags of Fire-flaughts fell ;
 Frieks to the Fields they flocked :
 The Carles with Clubs did others quell
 On Breasts, while Blood out boaked ;
 Sae rudly rang the common Bell,
 That a the Steeple rocked

For Dread that Day.

X X I I .

By this Tam Taylor was in's Gear,
 When that he heard the Bell,
 He said he should make all a steer ;
 When he came there himsel :
 He gaed to fight in sic a Fear,
 While to the Ground he fell ;
 A Wife that hat him on the Ear,
 With a great Knocking-Mell

Fell'd him that Day.

X X I I I . When

Canto I. on the GREEN.

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XXIII.

When they had bierd like baited Bulls,
And Brainwood brynt in Bails ;
They were as meek as any Mules :
That mangit are with Mails ;
For faintness thaeforfoughten Fools
Fell down like slaughter'd Fails ;
Fresh Men came in, and hail'd the Dools,
And dang them down in Dails,

But them that Day.

XXIV.

When a was done, *Dick* with an Aix,
Came furth to fell a Fiddir,
Quoth he, Where are yon hangit Smiks,
That wad have slain my Brither ?
His Wife bad him gae hame *Gib Glaicks*,
And sae did *Meg* his Mither :
He turn'd and gave them baith their Paiks,
For he durst ding nae ither,

But them that Day.

The End of the first Canto.





CHRIST's-KIRK ON THE G R E E N.

C A N T O II.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

I.

BUT there had been mair Blood and Skaith,
 Sair Haifshirp and great Spulzie,
 And mony a ane had gotten his Death,
 By this unsonsie Tooly :
 But that the bald Good-wife of *Braith*
 Arm'd wi a great Kale Gully,
 Came Bellyflanght, and loot an Aith,
 She'd gar them a be hooly,

For fast that Day

II. Blyth

II.

Blyth to win aff sae wi hale Banes,
 Tho' mony had clowr'd Pows ;
 And dragl'd sae 'mang Muck and Stanes,
 They look'd like wirry Kows :
 Quoth some, who 'maist had tint their Aynds,
 Let's see how a Bowls rows ;
 And quat this Brouillement, at anes,
 Yon Gully is nae Mows,
Forsooth this Day.

III.

Quoth Hutchon, I am well content,
 I think we may do war ;
 Till this Time Toumond I'se indent
 Our Claiths of Dirt will fa'r :
 Wi Nevels I'am amaist fawn faint,
 My Chafts are dung a char ;
 Then took his Bonnet to the Bent,
 And dadded aff the Glar,
For clean that Day.

IV.

I am Taylor wha in Time of Battle
 Lay as gin some had fell'd him ;
 At up now wi an unky Rattle,
 As nane there durst a quell'd him.
 Old Bess flew till him wi a Brattle,
 And spite of his Teeth held him
 Ols by the Craig, and with her fatal
 Knife, shoar'd she wond'geld him,
For Peace that Day.

Synè

V.

Syne a wi ae Consent shook Hands,

As they stood in a Ring ;

Some redd their Hair, some set their Bands,

Some did their Sark Tails wring :

Then for a Happ upo' the Sands

They did their Minstrel bring ;

Where clever Houghs like Willi-wands,

At ilky blythsome Spring,

Lap high that Day.

VI.

Claud Peky was na very blate,

He stood na lang a dreigh ;

For be the Wame he gripped *Kate*,

And gar'd her gee a Skreigh :

Had aff, quoth she, 'Ye filthy Slate,

Ye stink o' Leeks, O figh !

Let gae my Hands, I say, be quait ;

And wow gin she was skeigh,

And mim that Day.

VII.

Now settl'd Gossies, sat and keen,

Did for fresh Bickers bire ;

While the young Swankies on the Green

Took round a merry Tirle :

Meg Wallet wi her pinky Eeen,

Gart *Laurie's* Heart-strings dirlie ;

And Fouk wad threep, that she did green,

For that wad gar her Skirle,

And Skreigh some Day.

VIII. The

VIII.

The manly Miller haff and haff,
 Came out to shaw good Will,
 Flang by his Mittens and his Staff,
 Cry'd, Gee me *Pattie's* Mill :
 He lap Bawk-hight, and cry'd, Had aff,
 They rus'd him that had Skill ;
 He wad do't better, quoth a Caf,
 Had he another Gill

Of *Uisquebas.*

IX.

Furth started neist a pensy Blade,
 And out a Maiden took ;
 They said that he was *Faulkland* bred,
 And danced by the Book :
 A couple Taylor to his Trade,
 And when their Hands he shook,
 Gae them what he gat frae his Ded,
Videlicet, the Yuke

To claw that Day.

X.

Whan a cry'd out he did sae well,
 He *Meg* and *Bess* did call up ;
 The Lasses babb'd about the Reel,
 Gar'd a their Hurdies wollop,
 And swat like Pownies whan they speel
 Up Braes, or when they gallop,
 But a thrawn Knublock hit his Heel,
 And Wives had him to hawl up,

Haff fell'd that Day.

78 C H R I S T ' S - K I R K Canto II.

X L.

But mony a pauky Look and Tale
Gae'd round whan Glouming hous'd them,
The Osler Wife brought ben good Ale,
And bade the Lasses rouze them ;
Up wi them Lads, and I'se be Bail
They'l loo ye ann ye touze them :
Quoth *Gawfie*, this will never fail
Wi them that this gate woo's them,

On sic a Day.

X I I.

Syn Stools and Furms were drawn aside,
And up raise *Willy Dadle*,
A short Hought Man, but fow o' Pride,
He said the Fidler play'd ill.
Let's hae the Pipes, quoth he, beside,
Quoth a, That is nae said ill ;
He fittit the Floor, syn wi the Bride
To *Cuttymun* and *Treeladle*,

Thick, thick that Day.

X I I I.

In the mean Time in came the Laird,
And by some Right did claim,
To Kiss and Dance wi *Maisie Aird*,
A dink and dortie Dame.
But O poor *Mause* was aff her guard,
For back-gate frae her Wame,
Beckin, she loot a fearfou RaIRD,
That gart her think great Shame,

And Bluff that Day.

X I V. Auld

II. Canto II. on the GREEN.

XIV.

Auld Steen led out *Maggie Forsyth*,
He was her ain Good-brither ;
And ilky ane was unky blyth,
To see auld Folk sae clever.
Quo *Jock*, wi langthing like to rive,
What think ye o my Mither ?
Were my Ded dead, let me ne'er thrive
But she wad get anither

Goodman this Day.

XV.

Tam Lutter had a muckle Dish,
And betwicht ilky Tune,
He laid his Lugs, in't like a Fish,
And stuckt till it was done :
His Bags were liquor'd to his Wish,
His Face was like a Moon ;
But he cou'd get nae Place to pish
In, but his ain twa Shoon,

For Thrang that Day.

XVI.

The *Letter-gae* of hally Rhime,
Sat up at the Boordhead,
And a he said was thought a Crime,
To contradict indeed :
For in Clark Lear he was right prime,
And cou'd baith write and read,
And drank sae firm till ne'er a styme,
He cou'd keek on a Bead,

Or Book that Day.

XVII.

When he was Strute, twa sturdy Chiels
 Be his Oxter, and be's Coller,
 Held up frae cowping o' the Creels
 The liquid Logick Schollar.
 When he came hame, his Wife did Keel,
 And Rampadge in her Choler,
 With that he brake the spinning Wheel,
 That cost a good Rix Dollar,
 And mair some say.

XVIII.

Near Bed-time now ilk weary Wight,
 Was gaunting for his Rest ;
 For some were like to tyne their Sight
 Wi Sleep, and Drinking strect.
 But ithers that were Stomach tight,
 Cry'd out, It was nae beft
 To leave a Supper that was dight,
 To Brownies, or a Ghaist,
 To eat or Day.

XIX.

On whomelt Tubs lay twa lang Dails,
 On them stood mony a Goan,
 Some fill'd wi Brachen, some wi Kail,
 And Milk heat frae the Loan.
 Of Daintiths they had Routh and Wale,
 Of which they were right fon ;
 But naithing wad gae down but Ale,
 Wi drunken Donald Don,

The Smith that Day.

XX. Twice

XX.

Twice aught Bannocks in a Heap,
 And twa good Junts of Beef,
 Wi hind and fore Spawl of a Sheep,
 Drew Whistles frae ilk Sheath :
 Wi Gravie a their Beards did dreep,
 They kempit wi their Teeth,
 A Kebbuck syn that 'maist cou'd creep,
 Its lane, pat on the Sheaf,

In Stous that Day.

XXI.

The Bride was now laid in her Bed,
 Her left Leg Ho was flung ;
 And Geordie Gib was fidgen glad,
 Because it hit *Jean Gun* :
 She was his Jo, and aft had said,
 Fy, Geordie, had your Tongue,
 Ye's ne'er get me to be your Bride,
 But chang'd her Mind when bung,

That very Day.

XXII.

Tebree ! quo' Touzie, whan she saw
 The Cathel coming ben,
 It pypin heat gae'd round them a,
 The Bride she made a fen,
 To fit in Wyliecoat fae braw,
 Upon her nether En ;
 Her Lad like ony Cock did craw,
 That meets a Clockin Hen,

And blyth were they.

XXIII. The

XXIII.

The Souter, Miller, Smith and Dick,
 Lawrie and Hutchon bauld,
 Carles that kept nae very strict
 Be Hours, tho' they were auld;
 Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that Trick,
 But whare good Ale was sald,
 They drank a Night, e'ne tho' auld Nick,
 Shou'd tempt their Wives to scald

Them for't neist Day.

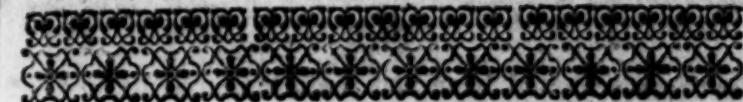
XXIV.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
 Sic Banqueting and Drinking,
 Sic Revelling, and Battles keen,
 Sick Dancing, and sic Jinkin' ;
 And unko Wark that fell at E'n,
 Whan Lasses were haff winking,
 They lost their Feet and baith their E'en,
 And Maidenheads gae'd linkin'

Aff, a that Day.

The End of the second Canto.





CHRIST's-KIRK ON THE G R E E N.

CANTO III.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

L.

NO W frae *East* Nook o' *Fife* the Dawn,
Speeld Westlines up the Lift,
Carles wha heard the Cock had crawn,
Begoud to rax and rift.
And greedy Wives wi girning thrawn,
Cryd Lasses up to Thrift;
Dogs barked, and the Lads frae Hand,
Bang'd to their Breeks like Drift,

Be Break of Day.

II. But

II.

But some wha had been fow Yestreen,
 Sic as the Letter-gae,
 Air up, had nae will to be seen,
 Grudgin their Groat to pay.
 But what aft fristed's no forseen,
 When Fowk has Nought to say ;
 Yet sweer wer they to rake their Een,
 Sick dizzy Heads had they,

And bet that Day.

III.

Be that Time it was fair foor Days,
 As fou's the House coud pang,
 To se the young Fouk or they raise,
 Gossips came in ding dang :
 And wi a Soos aboon the Claiths,
 Ilk ane their Gifts doun flang.
 Twall Toop Horn Spoons doun *Magy* lays,
 Baith muckle mow'd and lang,

For Kale or Whey.

IV.

Her Aunt a Pair of Tangs fush in,
 Right bauld she spake and spruce ;
 Gin your Good-man shall make a Din,
 And gable like a Goose,
 Shorin whan fou to scelp yei'r Skin,
 Thir Tangs may be of Use.
 Lay them enlang his Pow or Shin,
 Wha wins syn may make Roose.

Between you twa.

V. Auld

V.

Auld *Bessie* in her red Coat braw,
 Came wi her ain O *Nanny*,
 An odd like Wife, they said that saw,
 A Moupin runckeld *Granny*,
 She fley'd the Kimmers, an and a,
 Word gae'd, she was na kanny ;
 Nor wad they let *Lucky* awa,
 Till She was brunt wi *Branny*,
Like mony mae.

VI.

Steen fresh and fastin 'mang the rest,
 Came in to get his Morning,
 Speer'd gin the Bride had tane the *Teft*,
 And how she loo'd her Corning.
 She leugh as she had fand a *Nest*,
 Said let abe ye'r Scorning ;
 Quoth *Roger*, Fegs, I've done my best,
 To ge'er a Charge of Horning,
As well's I may.

VII.

Kind *Cirf* was there, a kanty *Lass*,
 Black ey'd, black hair'd, and bonny ;
 Right well red up and Jimp she was,
 And Woopers had fow mony ;
 I watna how it came to pafs,
 She cutled in wi *Fionnie* ;
 And tumbling wi him on the *Grafs*,
 Dung a her Cocker-Nonny,
A fee that Day.

VIII.

But

V I I I.

But *Mause* begrutren was and bleer'd,
 Look'd thowles, dowf and sleepy ;
 Auld *Maggie* kend rhe Wyt, and sneer'd,
 Caw'd her a poor daft Heepy ;
 It's a wise Wife that kens her Wierd,
 What tho' ye mount the Creepy ;
 There a good Lesson may belear'd,
 And what the war will ye be,

To stand a Day.

I X.

Or Bairns can read, they first maun spell,
 I learn'd this frae my Mammy ;
 And coost a Legen-Girth me Sell,
 Lang or I married Tammie :
 Ife warrand ye have a heard tell,
 Of bonny *Andrew Lammy* ;
 Stifly in Loove wi me he fell,
 As soon as ere he saw me ;

That was a Day.

X.

Hait Drink, frush butter'd Cakes and Cheese,
 That held their Hearts aboon,
 Wi Clashes mingled aft wi Lies,
 Drave aff the hale Fornoon ;
 But after Dinner ann ye please,
 To weary not o're soon ;
 We doun to E'ning Edge wi Ease,
 Shall loup and se what's doon,

I the Doun i'the Day.

X I.

Now what the Friends wad fain been at,
 They that wer right trew blew ;
 Was e'ne to get their Wysons wat,
 And fill young Roger fou :
 But the bauld Billy took his Maut,
 And was right stiff to bou ;
 He fairly gae them Tit for Tag,
 And scour'd aff Healths anew,

Clean out that Day.

X II.

A Creel Bowt fow of muckle Stains,
 They clinked on his Back,
 To try the Pith o's Rigg and Reins,
 They gart him cadge this Pack ;
 Now as a Sign he had tane Pains,
 His young Wife was na slack,
 To rin and ease his Shouder Bains,
 And sneg'd the Raips fow snack,

Wi'er Knife that Day

X III.

Syn the blyth Carles Tooth and Nail,
 Fell keenly to the Wark ;
 To ease the Gantries of the Ale,
 And try wha was maist stark ;
 Till Boord and Floor, and a did fail,
 Wi spilt Ale i'the Dark ;
 Gart Jock's Fit slide, and like a Fail,
 Play'd dad, and dang the Bark,

Aff's Skins that Day.

XIV. The

XIV.

The *Souter, Miller, Smith, and Dick,*
 Etcet'ra, closf fat cockin,
 Till wasted was baith Cash and Tick,
 Sae ill were they to floken ;
 Gane out to pish in Gutters thick,
 Some fell, and some gae'd rockin,
Sawmy hang sneering on his Stick,
 'To see bauld *Hittchen* boakin

Rainbows that Day.

X V. .

The Smith's Wife her black Deary sought,
 And fand him Skin and Birn ;
 Quoth she, this Days Wark's be deir bought,
 He ban'd, and gae a Girn,
 Ca'd her a Jade, and said she mucht
 Gae hame and scum her Kirn,
 Whisht Ladren, for gin ye say ought
 Mair, I'se wind ye a Pirn,

To reel some Day.

X VI.

Ye'll wind a Pirn ! ye silly snool,
 Wae-worth your drunken Saul !
 Quoth she, and lap out or'e a Stool,
 And claught him be the Spaul,
 He shook her, and sware muckle Dool,
 Ye's thole for this ye Scaul ;
 I'se rive frae aff ye'r Hips the Hool,
 And learn ye to be baul,

On sic a Day.

XVII. Your

XVII.

Your Tippanizing, scant o' Grace,
 Quoth she, gars me gang daddy ;
 Our Nibour Pate sin break o' Day'as
 Been thumpin at his Study,
 And it be true that some Fowk says,
 Ye'll girm yet in a Woody :
 Syn wi her Nails she rave his Face,
 Made a his black Baird bloody,
Wi Scarts that Day.

XVIII.

A Gilpy that had seen the Faught,
 I wat he was na lang,
 Till he had gather'd seven or aught
 Wild Hempys stout and strang ;
 They frae a Barn a Kaber raught,
 An mounted wi a Bang,
 Betweesh twa's Shouders, and sat straight
 Upon't, and rade the Stang,
On her that Day.

XIX.

The Wives and Gytlings a spang'd out
 O're Middings, and o're Dikes,
 Wi mony an unko Skirl and Shout,
 Like Bumbees frae their Bikes ;
 Thro' thick and thin they scour'd about,
 Plashin thro' Dubs and Sykes,
 And sic a Rierd rang thro' the Rout,
 Gart a the hale Town Tyks,
Tampb loud that Day.

XX. But

XX.

But d'ye se, fou better bred,
 Was mens-fou *Maggie Murdy*,
 She her Man, like a Lamy led
 Hame, wi a well wail'd Wordy,
 Fast frae the Company he fled,
 As he had tane the Sturdy ;
 She fletch'd him fairly to his Bed,
 wi ca'ing him her Burdy,

Kindly that Day.

XXI.

But *Lawrie* he took out his Nap,
 Upon a Mow of Peas,
 And *Robin* spew'd in's ain Wife's Lap,
 He said it gae him Ease.
Hutchon wi a three lugged Cap,
 His Head bizzin wi Bees,
 Hit *Geordy* a mislunhis Rap,
 And brake the Brigg o's Nees,

Right fair that Day.

XXII.

Syn ilky Thing gae'd Arse o're Head,
 Chanlers, Boord, Stools and Stowps,
 Flew thro' the House wi muckle speed,
 And there was little Hopes,
 But there had been some ill done Deed,
 They gat sic thrawart Cowps ;
 But a the Skaith that chanc'd indeed,
 Was only on their Dowps,

Wi Eaws that Day.

XXIII. Sae

XXIII.

Sae whiles they toolied, whilst they drank,
 Till a their Sense was smor'd ;
 And in their Maws there was nae Mank,
 Upon the Furms some snor'd :
 Ithers frae off the Bonkers sank,
 Wi Een like Collops scor'd :
 Some ram'd their Nodles wi a Clank,
 E'en like a thick scul'd Lord,

On Posts that Day.

XXIV.

The young Good-Man to Bed did clim,
 His Dear the Door did lock in ;
 Crap doun beyont him, and the Rim
 O'er Wame he clap'd his Dock on :
 She fand her Lad was not in Prim ;
 And be this same good Token,
 That ilky Member, Lith and Limb,
 Was souple like a Doken,

'Bout him that Day.

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